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## SKETCH OF A TRADITION RELATED BY A MONK IN SWITZERLAND.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the course of an excursion, during the autumn of last year, through the wildest and most secluded parts of Switzerland, I took up my residence, during one stormy night, in a convent of Capuchin Friars, not far from Altorf, the birth-place of the famous William Tell. In the course of the evening, one of the fathers related a story, which, both on account of the interest which it is naturally calculated to excite, and the impressive manner in which it was told, produced a very strong effect upon my mind. I noted it down briefly in the morning, in my journal, preserving as much as possible the old man's style, but it has no doubt lost much by translation.

Having just read Lord Byron's drama, "Manfred," there appears to me such a striking coincidence in some characteristic features, between the story of that performance and the Swiss tradition, that without further comment, I extract the latter from my journal, and send it for your perusal. It relates to an ancient family, now extinct, whose names I neglected to write down, and have now forgotten, but that is a matter of little importance.

\* \* \* \* \* "His soul was wild, impetuous, and uncontrollable. He had a keen perception of the faults and vices of others, without the power of correcting his own; alike sensible of the nobility, and of the darkness of his moral constitution, although unable to cultivate the one to the exclusion of the other.

"In extreme youth, he led a lonely and secluded life in the solitude of a Swiss valley, in company with an only brother, some years older than himself, and a young female relative, who had been educated along with them from her birth. They lived under the care of an aged uncle, the guardian of those extensive domains which the brothers were destined jointly to inherit.

"A peculiar melancholy, cherished and increased by the utter seclusion of that sublime region, had, during the period of their infancy, preyed upon the mind of their father, and finally produced the most dreadful result. The fear of a similar tendency in the minds of the brothers, induced their protector to remove them, at an early age, from the solitude of their native country. The elder was sent

to a German university, and the younger completed his education in one of the Italian schools.

"After the lapse of many years, the old guardian died, and the elder of the brothers returned to his native valley; he there formed an attachment to the lady with whom he had passed his infancy; and she, after some fearful forebodings, which were unfortunately silenced by the voice of duty and of gratitude, accepted his love, and became his wife.

"In the meantime, the younger brother had left Italy, and travelled over the greater part of Europe. He mingled with the world, and gave full scope to every impulse of his feelings. But that world, with the exception of certain hours of boisterous passion and excitement, afforded him little pleasure, and made no lasting impression upon his heart. His greatest joy was in the wildest impulses of the imagination.

"His spirit, though mighty and unbounded, from his early habits and education naturally tended to repose; he thought with delight on the sun rising among the Alpine snows, or gilding the peaks of the rugged hills with its evening rays. But within him he felt a fire burning for ever, and which the snows of his native mountains could not quench. He feared that he was alone in the world, and that no being, kindred to his own, had been created; but in his soul there was an image of angelick perfection, which he believed existed not on earth, but without which he knew he could not be happy. Despairing to find it in populous cities, he retired to his paternal domain. On again entering upon the scenes of his infancy, many new and singular feelings were experienced—he is enchanted with the surpassing beauty of the scenery, and wonders that he should have rambled so long and so far from it. The noise and bustle

of the world were immediately forgotten on contemplating

"The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

A light, as it were, broke around him, and exhibited a strange and momentary gleam of joy and of misery mingled together. He entered the dwelling of his infancy with delight and met his brother with emotion. But his dark and troubled eye betokened a fearful change, when he beheld the other playmate of his infancy. Though beautiful as the imagination could conceive, she appeared otherwise than he expected. Her form and face were associated with some of his wildest reveries,—his feelings of affection were united with many undefinable sensations,—he felt as if she was not the wife of his brother, although he knew her to be so, and his soul sickened at the thought.

"He passed the night in a feverish state of joy and horror. From the window of a lonely tower, he beheld the moon shining amid the bright blue of an Alpine sky, and diffusing a calm and beautiful light on the silvery snow. The eagle owl uttered her long and plaintive note from the castellated summits which overhung the valley, and the feet of the wild chamois were heard rebounding from the neighbouring rocks; these accorded with the gentler feelings of his mind, but the strong spirit which so frequently overcame him, listened with intense delight to the dreadful roar of an immense torrent, which was precipitated from the summit of an adjoining cliff, among broken rocks and pines, overturned and uprooted, or to the still mightier voice of the avalanche, suddenly descending with the accumulated snows of a hundred years.

"In the morning he met the object of his unhappy passion. Her eyes were dim with tears, and a

cloud of sorrow had darkened the light of her lovely countenance.

"For some time there was a mutual constraint in their manner, which both were afraid to acknowledge, and neither was able to dispel. Even the uncontrollable spirit of the wanderer was oppressed and overcome, and he wished he had never returned to the dwelling of his ancestors. The lady is equally aware of the awful peril of their situation, and without the knowledge of her husband, she prepared to depart from the castle, and take the veil in a convent situated in a neighbouring valley.

"With this resolution she departed on the following morning; but in crossing an Alpine pass, which conducted by a nearer route to the adjoining valley, she was enveloped in mists and vapour, and lost all knowledge of the surrounding country. The clouds closed in around her, and a tremendous thunder storm took place in the valley beneath. She wandered about for some time, in hopes of gaining a glimpse through the clouds, of some accustomed object to direct her steps, till exhausted by fatigue and fear, she reclined upon a dark rock, in the crevices of which, though it was now the heat of summer, there were many patches of snow. There she sat, in a state of feverish delirium, till a gentle air dispelled the dense vapour from before her feet, and discovered an enormous chasm, down which she must have fallen, if she had taken another step. While breathing a silent prayer to Heaven for this providential escape, strange sounds were heard, as of some disembodied voice floating among the clouds. Suddenly she perceived, within a few spaces, the figure of the wanderer tossing his arms in the air, his eye inflamed, and his general aspect wild and distracted—he then appeared meditating a deed of sin,—she rushed

towards him, and, clasping him in her arms, dragged him backwards, just as he was about to precipitate himself into the gulph below.

"Overcome by bodily fatigue, and agitation of mind, they remained for some time in a state of insensibility. The brother first revived from his stupor; and finding her whose image was pictured in his soul lying by his side, with her arms resting upon his shoulder, he believed for a moment that he must have executed the dreadful deed he had meditated, and had awakened in heaven. The gentle form of the lady is again reanimated, and slowly she opened her beautiful eyes. She questioned him regarding the purpose of his visit to that desolate spot—a full explanation took place of their mutual sensations, and they confessed the passion which consumed them.

"The sun was now high in heaven—the clouds of the morning had ascended to the loftiest Alps—and the mists, 'into their airy elements resolved, were gone.' As the god of day advanced, dark vallies were suddenly illuminated, and lovely lakes brightened like mirrors among the hills—their waters sparkling with the fresh breeze of the morning. The most beautiful clouds were sailing in the air—some breaking on the mountain tops, and others resting on the sombre pines, or slumbering on the surface of the unilluminated vallies. The shrill whistle of the marmot was no longer heard, and the chamois had bounded to its inaccessible retreat. The vast range of the neighbouring Alps was next distinctly visible, and presented, to the eyes of the beholders, 'glory beyond all glory ever seen.'

"In the meantime a change had taken place in the feelings of the mountain pair, which was powerfully strengthened by the glad face of nature. The glorious hues of

earth and sky seemed indeed to sanction and rejoice in their mutual happiness. The darker spirit of the brother had now fearfully overcome him. The dreaming predictions of his most imaginative years appeared realized in their fullest extent, and the voice of prudence and of nature was inaudible amidst the intoxication of his joy. The object of his affection rested in his arms in a state of listless happiness, listening with enchanted ear to his wild and impassioned eloquence, and careless of all other sight or sound.

"She too had renounced her morning vows, and the convent was unthought of, and forgotten. Crossing the mountains by wild and unfrequented paths, they took up their abode in a deserted cottage, formerly frequented by goatherds and the hunters of the roe. On looking down, for the last time, from the mountain top, on that delightful valley, in which she had so long lived in innocence and peace, the lady thought of her departed mother, and her heart would have died within her, but the wild glee of the brother again rendered her insensible to all other sensations, and she yielded to the sway of her fatal passion.

"There they lived, secluded from the world, and supported, even through evil, by the intensity of their passion for each other. The turbulent spirit of the brother was at rest—he had found a being endowed with virtues like his own, and, as he thought, destitute of all his vices. The day dreams of his fancy had been realized, and all that he had imagined of beauty, or affection, was embodied in that form which he could call his own.

"On the morning of her departure the dreadful truth burst upon the mind of her wretched husband.

From the first arrival of the dark-eyed stranger, a gloomy vision of future sorrow had haunted him by day and by night. Despair and misery now made him their victim, and that awful malady which he inherited from his ancestors was the immediate consequence. He was seen, for the last time, among some stupendous cliffs which overhung the river, and his hat and cloak were found by the chamois hunters at the foot of an ancient pine.

"Soon too was the guilty joy of the survivors to terminate. The gentle lady, even in felicity, felt a load upon her heart. Her spirit had burned too ardently, and she knew it must, ere long, be extinguished. Day after day the lily of her cheek encroached upon the rose, till at last she assumed a monumental paleness, unrelieved save by a transient and hectic glow. Her angelic form wasted away, and soon the flower of the valley was no more.

"The soul of the brother was dark, dreadfully dark, but his body wasted not, and his spirit caroused with more fearful strength. 'The sounding cataract haunted him like a passion.' He was again alone in the world, and his mind endowed with more dreadful energies. His wild eye sparkled with unnatural light, and his raven hair hung heavy on his burning temples. He wandered among the forests and the mountains, and rarely entered his once beloved dwelling, from the windows of which he had so often beheld the sun sinking in a sea of crimson glory.

"He was found dead in that same pass in which he had met his sister among the mountains; his body bore no marks of external violence, but his countenance was convulsed by bitter insanity."

P. F.

From the European Magazine.

## LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

By the Author of Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio.

## THE RUSSIAN.

**P**ERVERSE, deceitful, inconstant woman! Mahomet judged wisely when he told his followers there could be none with souls! ———” Such were the ruminations of Count Demetrius, as he began his journey from St. Petersburg to the desolate fortress Schlussemburgh. He had devoted the flower of his youth and the full vigour of his talents to the service of the Empress Catharine, whose gracious demeanour had excited him to expect a reward far more splendid than the government of a solitary castle. But it contained her kinsman, Iwan of Mechlenburgh, whose claims to the Russian throne, derived from his great aunt, the Empress Anna Iwanowna, were sufficient to collect partisans, and furnish a rallying point to sedition. Policy could not have selected a fitter guard for this important personage than Count Demetrius, whose high principles of loyal faith insured his integrity, while his personal attachment to the empress seemed sufficient to stifle those finer feelings of humanity which might have revolted from his task. With many pangs, arising from that half-satisfied attachment and those half-stifled feelings, the Count reached Schlussemburgh, and, according to his instructions, opened the sealed orders of the empress. Though he trembled at their import, and blushed, though alone, his pride was soothed by the extensive trust reposed in his courage and fidelity: his ambition promised itself a high reward; and that love which affords a ready excuse to the vanity from whence it springs, gave a brilliant colouring to its errors.

Notwithstanding the devout obedience which Demetrius chose to

owe his sovereign, he entered the presence of his prisoner Iwan with sensations very unlike conscious rectitude. The prince, though only in his twentieth year, viewed his new gaoler with an air of stern contempt, and a piercing glance which probably gained force from the almost feminine beauty of the face from whence it lightened. That glance was sufficient to inform Iwan how little rigour could be feared from Demetrius, and how much his heart was conscious of the crime his ambition excused. They exchanged only a few words; but though each feared to trust the other, both felt a beginning friendship. The new governour retired to his bed-chamber with a determination to atone for the injustice of Iwan's imprisonment by the gentleness of its method.

The apartment assigned to Iwan was deep-sunk under the strongest tower of the fortress, and received light from a narrow window which the water of the moat almost reached. His food and apparel were always conveyed to him by the governour himself, who descended to this chamber through long intricate windings, among vaults and recesses known to no other inhabitant of the fortress, except a Cossack soldier, whose stubborn zeal and almost giant strength had advanced him to the important station of sentinel at the prince's door. There he watched night and day, sleeping only during the very few hours which the governour spent every morning with his prisoner. When the air was bland and the moon brilliant, the unfortunate Iwan sometimes accompanied Demetrius to a secluded part of the garden, and enjoyed the luxuries of exercise and light.

It was the noon of a delicious night, when the Count, now happiest in his prisoner's society, descended to offer him a promenade. He unbarred the iron door gently as usual, and, supposing him asleep, drew back the curtain of his couch to awaken him. The couch, the chamber were vacant!—Demetrius rushed out, and saw the Cossack sentinel standing with his usual vacant gaze of sullen indifference. "Follow me, Basil!" he exclaimed—"our prisoner has escaped."—The Cossack answered only by trimming his torch, and unsheathing his large poignard. Demetrius traversed every recess in the subterranean labyrinth till he reached the remnant of a stair-case half-choaked with fallen stones. "Here is an outlet," said the governor: "let us search round before we give alarm." The Cossack hewed a way among brambles and broken granite, till they found themselves in a rude hut, which seemed the depository of a woodman's stores. Embers of a fire gleamed in a corner; an axe, a few traces of provisions, lay near it, and some loose hurdles filled the entrance. The governor's eager survey informed him it had no living inhabitant—"We are too late!—but my bugle can alarm the garrison."—The Cossack's strong arm wrested it from him,—and his ferocious smile shewed his connivance in the prisoner's escape. Snatching up the woodman's axe, Demetrius levelled a deadly blow at the treacherous sentinel's head, but his own throat was seized with the force of determined vengeance, and the struggle would have been short, had not a friendly hand grasped the Cossack's foot. A boy sleeping among the hurdles in the hut, had been awakened by their contest, and now crept forward to save the victim. While with one hand he held the murderer's leg, with the other he

gave Demetrius the sword which had been snatched from his grasp, and thrown on the ground. The Cossack received it in his breast, and expired, muttering execrations. Demetrius caught the young stranger's arm as he attempted to hide himself again, and demanded his name.—"Alexis!" said the poor youth, trembling—"I came here to sleep after gathering wood all day."—Demetrius surveyed him eagerly, and a propitious thought arose. Iwan's escape had been discovered by none but himself: and the Cossack, probably its sole abettor, now lay lifeless. This young woodman resembled the prince in stature and complexion; might he not be safely substituted?—Grasping his hand, and fixing his eyes with all their dazzling fire upon him, Demetrius exacted an oath of secrecy.—"I never swear," replied the forest-boy, "but I speak truth."—The governor's wavering purpose was fixed by this expression of courageous honesty. "My safety and the state's requires me to detain you, but you cannot refuse to preserve a life for which you have already risked your own. Remain here without resistance, act according to my dictates, and you shall represent a prince."—Either fascinated by this splendid but ambiguous promise, or conscious of his dependence on the governor's mercy, Alexis silently kissed his unsheathed sabre, as a token of submission. Demetrius, hastily throwing the loose hurdles on his fallen enemy, bound his scarf over the young forester's eyes, and led him through the subterranean vaults of Schlus-selburgh, to the chamber once occupied by Prince Iwan. "Here, Alexis," said he, you must remain while my sovereign's safety requires the nation to believe that her rival is still in my custody. No one visits this chamber except myself, and both our lives depend on

your discretion." Alexis looked round the desolate prison with an instinctive shudder, and a timid glance at Demetrius. There was a reproach in that glance so penetrating, yet so mild, that all the selfishness and craft learned in the school of political ambition sunk under it. "I swear," said Demetrius, "never to abandon your safety, though it should cost my own."—"God hears you!" replied the prisoner: and the oath was registered in the speaker's heart.

In the solitude of his own apartment, Demetrius reviewed all the possible consequences of this eventful night, and discovered new motives to applaud his expedient. Chance had given to the young woodman such striking resemblance to the fugitive prince, that the real Iwan might be plausibly pronounced an impostor, should he ever venture to disturb the peace of Russia; or if the counterfeit was proved, Demetrius might contrive to appear the dupe, and not the abettor. In every way Alexis seemed to secure the best advantage to the empress and her agent: but to render his semblance complete, the governour saw the necessity of giving his mind a degree of cultivation equal to Iwan's, if possible. For this purpose he visited him daily, and found his attention willing, though his capacity seemed limited. He had spent his childhood, Alexis said, in the forest near Schlussemburgh, and knew nothing except his native language: but Demetrius was a patient and assiduous instructor till his pupil acquired the rudiments of Latin, and could speak fluently in polished French. History, at least whenever it resembled romance, was eagerly learned by the young student; and his remarks on the policy of courts shewed an instinctive shrewdness which almost resembled what is called *espieglerie*. But it was blended with simplicity

so demure, and good-humour so fascinating, that Demetrius almost thought it better than any he had seen before. The escape of the real Iwan seemed a secret wholly unsuspected, and the governour's labours to educate his representative became at length more necessary as the solace of his solitude than as means to insure his safety. Conscious how much he owed to the patient submission of Alexis, his native sense of justice found some satisfaction in ameliorating it by paternal kindness. Once, when an intercourse of three years' length had established more familiarity, Alexis suddenly said, "You have told me for what purpose governments were created and societies leagued together, but you never mention for what purpose man himself exists!"—Demetrius was silent in surprise and secret shame: at length he replied, "At least two thousand sages have given us as many systems, but every man has his best instructor in his heart: let every one pursue his own idea of pleasure, and he fulfils the sole purpose of his existence."—"You once shewed me," answered Alexis, "a clear and distinct purpose for every class of animal and vegetable creation; was the great Being less wise when he made man?"—Angry at his own incompetent reasons, Demetrius retorted spleenfully—"I have been tempted to believe it since I have found one half the world created to degrade and deceive the other. Yet we call that half the loveliest!—You will thank me at some period, Alexis, for having secluded you so long from its temptations"—His pupil, smiling archly, replied, "Tell me by what art this strange authority is acquired, that I may avoid it; or rather explain why men allow themselves to be subdued by women, if they possess superiour power and wisdom."—Demetrius hesitated at this unfore-

seen question, and answered, in a doubtful tone, "You never could learn metaphysicks, Alexis, and I must suit my reason to your comprehension. Our power is real, and therefore undisguised; haughty, and perhaps too rigid; women steal theirs, and can only preserve it by artifice, blandishment, and seeming submission. The very strength of our superiority excites them to rebel; and the softness of their usurpation prevents us from resisting."—Alexis smiled again, as he rejoined, "You have explained the secret, Count! but why should not lawful power borrow the graces which render even usurpers amiable? And is it very certain that women govern when men say they are subdued?—If they are swayed only by artifice and blandishment, their vanity not their love degrades them. They delight in the worship, not the worshipper, and are most selfish when they seem to sacrifice themselves."

These truths were not new, but Demetrius had never been so well disposed to hear them. When he reviewed the past, he could not avoid confessing to his own heart, that all the errors he had chosen to ascribe to the Empress Catharine's attractions, had been instigated by self-love or ambition. And when he remembered his pu-

pil's first question, he felt that pleasure, if it was indeed the privileged purpose of his existence, had been misunderstood or unsuccessfully pursued. More willing to prejudice Alexis than to confess his own mistakes, he gave him long and vehement cautions against the selfishness, frivolity, and deceit of women, to whom he attributed all the intrigues of courts and the perplexities of statesmen. Alexis treasured his precepts with grateful attention, though the first motive of the Count's conduct had been self-interest. But the affection which grew in Demetrius for his prisoner shewed how naturally men love whatever proves and acknowledges their superiority. The usual bland and beneficent influence of such affections gradually recalled the festivity of his temper and the gentler graces of his manners. He saw in the improved talents of the young forrester something which he prized, because it seemed his own creation; and admired the native simplicity of his character as men admire the rose, not merely for its delicate glow, but for the modest elegance of the folds which envelope it. Perhaps those mysterious folds render it the best emblem of that beauty which always decays when fully displayed.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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## PIERRE HUET; OR THE SQUARE TOWER.

*From a French Paper.*

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From La Belle Assemblée.

**P**ARIS is a place wherein we easily forget both our neighbours and ourselves: it is this indifference which gives us real freedom. No uneasy curiosity, no tiresome observations; every one lives for himself, and as best pleases him. We may, there, be a saint without

edification, a libertine without giving scandal, an atheist without exciting wonder. Extraordinary actions inspire but little enthusiasm, and trifles confer glory. Montaigne, who wrote such a beautiful chapter, against the fear of death, would have been surprised at the stoical

tranquillity of the humblest inhabitant of Paris. If a funeral procession crosses his path, his imagination is not tormented by it : it is an embarrassment, it is a death, that is nothing. Never did one city contain a greater number of philosophers : as many as there are inhabitants.

With all the charms of inconsiderateness, Paris has all the advantages of constancy. The artless traditions of our ancestors are preserved amongst the frivolities of the present day. Extremes always border close upon each other. How often does a slight partition separate the *boudoir* of a coquette from the dwelling of a poor old married couple, virtuous as they are industrious.

There is an union of this kind, the circumstances of which might appear fabulous, if all Paris could not attest the truth. At the foot of that square tower, which gives its name to the *Quai de l'Horloge*, the fatal bell of which gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, a monument which takes its date from the time of the crusades, and where, according to an old tradition, Clotaire assassinated her nephews, in spite of the tears of her mother : at the foot of this tower, an old venerable man every day takes his seat, and appears, like the tower, as if time had forgotten him,—Pierre Huet is the name of this man, who has lived more than a century, and who has outlived many generations ; Pierre Huet was born in a little village near Vitry-le-Français. He remembers the imposing figure of Louis XIV., of the Regent, of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. which will never be effaced from his memory, that now receives no fresh objects, but which preserves, like an antique medal, the impression of times long gone by. One day, when he was about six years of age, his mother

was holding him in her arms : all on a sudden, the couriers, guards, and pages, passed rapidly by : soon after appeared a carriage—the air resounded with the cries of *Vive le Roi* ; and this King was Louis XIV. In two years time Louis was no more. Another time, as Pierre Huet was coming out of church, he saw Madame de Maintenon, herself, giving alms. These two images were deeply engraven on his memory, so as never to be forgotten. This living witness of a century now passed away, and who beheld the commencement of this, is aged one hundred and eleven years ; he walks, hears, and sees as well he did at sixty : the son of a common labourer, he quitted the quiet occupation of his father, to embrace the life of a soldier. After the wars of Hanover, he embarked, with his regiment, and served successively, in the marines, under the different orders of Messieurs de Labourdonnaye, des Roches, and de Bougainville, with whom he made a voyage round the world. In India he saw some Bramins yet older than he himself is now ; at Otaheite, Sybarites yet more voluptuous than those of the French metropolis ; and it is not always under the huts of the savages that we find the most barbarous manners. The delights of Otaheite could not, however, cause him to forget his native country. The confidence of the islanders, their voluptuous life passed near the tombs of their ancestors ; the novelty, the freshness of every object ; the dangers of a tempest that the ships experienced in the roads, are all mingled in his memory ; but in the midst of this confusion of objects, is one charming scene, which, I believe, has been recounted by Monsieur Bougainville, but which it is delightful to hear told by Pierre Huet. They had wandered over this smiling country, and had repaired to the

shore, loaded with precious stuffs, when they were stopped by an islander, of a beautiful countenance, who reclined under a tree, offering them a part of the grassy couch on which he lay stretched. The proposal was accepted; the man leaned towards them in the most affectionate manner, and sang a tender air to the sound of a flute, which another Indian, according to their custom, blew with the nose. He slowly sang a kind of elegy, the soft expression of which seemed to invite them to pleasure.

It was from this period that Pierre Huet began to drink wine; and on his return home, he married a woman who had been a widow sixteen years, and whose portion was an only son, of whom he has never ceased to take the kindest care: this woman is now seventy-seven years of age, and is very proud of having an husband who has seen Louis XIV. and been present at the battle of Fontenoy. She loves him, takes care of him, and respects him, and hopes fervently that she may not survive him. As for him, he thinks he shall live to attain the age of an hundred and twenty years; and far from repining at his lot, which has been only poverty for all his toils, he thinks himself happy at being enabled to live from day to day, without any care for the morrow. The industry that maintains this singular couple is of that kind which could only prove successful at Paris.—Pierre Huet, after sailing round the world, finishes by coming into the flower market, and distributing among the flower girls a powder to preserve and whiten their teeth. Some time ago he sold books, but he quitted that trade for

conscience sake: a man above an hundred years of age should neither deceive a person nor set him to sleep.

“ Pierre Huet knew all the great projectors of the revolution; he saw them selling lies on their counters, while he was selling his drug on his own. Seated at the foot of the square tower, this aged man, with his white beard and venerable figure, appears the image of time personified. A neutral spectator of the agitations which actuate different parties, he has seen passing before him the people and their tyrants, Kings and their executioners: he has seen them all disappear, while he yet remains. In the mean time, let us not conceal this sacred truth: he declares that it is religion, alone, that has sustained him in the troubles of his long existence: this is one of those *Gothick* prejudices which the modern free-thinker must pardon, on account of his great age; he even carries his superstition so far as to take his wife to his parish church every Sunday; but, in spite of the fatal ignorance which prevents his following the manners of the present age, he yet offers a fine lesson to those who choose to understand it: he offers to Heaven the incense of a man, chaste in the season of youth, faithful to his marriage vows, content with poverty, arrived at extreme old age, and free from infirmity; preserving his life with patience, expecting death without fear, fully persuaded, though in the bosom of indigence, he shall never want, because he believes in a protecting Providence, and in a God that has never forsaken him.

S. G.

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## BRIEF ACCOUNT OF VIENNA.

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From the same.

**T**HE manner of lighting the streets in Vienna is by lamps without reflectors, fixed in pots of earthen-ware, and which are suspended

from an iron in the form of a gibbet; the light descends latterly, and as the irons are fastened to the walls at the height of about ten feet, the lamp cannot be brought down; the lamplighter is obliged to trim and light it by lifting it up with a stick, at the end of which is a kind of mutilated funnel, and which draws it out of the reservoir, or replaces it, like a hook. This method renders the process very tedious, although all the lamps may be previously lighted in the boxes carried by the lamplighters. In the city the houses are of an immense height, but those in the suburbs are seldom more than two or three stories high. The streets where carriages are able to pass are all paved on the footway with flag stones, as in London. The narrow streets are paved all over with one kind of stone, but yet after the same model as the wider ones.

Fires happen very seldom in Vienna, although the roofs of the houses are chiefly of wood. All the apartments are heated by large stoves constructed in such a manner that the flames cannot ascend. The funnels of the chimnies are terminated by a chapter like a dormer window, which prevents the wind from driving back the smoke into the apartments. When a fire takes place they make use of engines and osier baskets lined with leather; but though the engines are well made they are too small, and they do not make use of the pipes to conduct the water on the place of conflagration, but trust to the mere play of the engine, which only sprinkles water on the flames. The windows of almost every house, especially the old ones, are grated; so that if a fire breaks out in the lower part of a building, it is next to an impossibility to save the lives of the inhabitants by the windows.

There are stands of hackney coaches, all numbered, and which

are obliged to carry the first person who calls them, if unhired. They are six hundred and fifty in number; the horses good and well harnessed, and they go at a very swift pace: but the coaches are hung so low, and are so narrow, that they are far from pleasant, and will hold only three persons. As these coaches are not taxed, it is requisite to make a bargain with the driver beforehand, otherwise they will extort money, and be extremely insolent.

The inns are remarkably clean; the rooms at the eating-houses are elegant; but both at them and at the inns the kitchens are detestable and unwholesome. There are seventy-five coffee-houses in this city, and five hundred beer-houses. The coffee-houses are mere smoking rooms, where numbers are seen smoking round one or more billiard tables. The refreshments, liqueurs, and ices are all badly prepared. The Germans eat very little bread, therefore baking is not brought to the perfection it is in France or England. The interior of their play-houses is without lustres; there are only a few wax-lights stuck against the boxes. The orchestra, which is called the *Grand Parterre*, is divided into stalls, which are raised one above the other as in cathedrals: every place is numbered, and may be taken beforehand. A padlock, or common lock, ensures to him who hires it his place, till the hour he chuses to go and occupy it. No single places can be taken in the boxes, but a party may hire a whole box. At every change of scene the machinist rings a bell, and before every air the prompter gives notice to the musicians by striking with a hammer on a thin piece of metal: this noise, and that of the bell ringing, are very disagreeable. If an actor is very much applauded, he advances to the front of the stage, thanks the publick by

a very low bow, and returns to his performance. Thus the dramatick illusion is entirely destroyed.

The Saloon of Apollo is a kind of Vauxhall, situated in the suburbs of Vienna, and is of an extent which surpasses every thing of the kind in other countries. Three thousand dancers may there waltz with ease; and if it was made a mere assembly, it is capable of containing ten thousand people. It is impossible to conceive the singularity of the *coup-d'œil* which this place of amusement offers, illuminated and decorated by a profusion of beautiful orange trees, and animated by two or three moving circles, formed by waltzers, dancing with the most lovely girls of Vienna, to the sound of a numerous orchestra composed of wind instruments.

Although the Prater is situated a full quarter of a league from town, the people flock thither in crowds every Sunday and holiday during the summer; the rich go there every day. It is a charming and animated picture! We may meet there princes, citizens, monks, officers, and milliner's girls all mingled *pêle-mêle* together. We may behold twenty people in twenty different costumes—Turks, Greeks, Bohemians, Hungarians, Cossacks, and Jews; some with turbans round their heads, others with calottes; bearded rabbies, and anapabtists in brown levites, their heads covered with enormous hats: women of Vienna belonging to the class of rich tradesmen, wearing on their heads *toques* of gold in the form of Phrygian caps, their corsets made of the most costly stuffs, and handsome full petticoats; while the young villagers of both sexes have black straps girt round their waists. In the midst of this whimsical assemblage we see the most elegant people walking who belong to Vienna, dressed in the French fashion, but

yet retaining in their carriage, and the manner of putting on their clothes, much of the ancient Teutonic. In the broad allées of the Prater three or four carriages are seen abreast, slowly creeping along to the sound of twenty or thirty orchestras distributed about the forest. Those who prefer a solitary walk, wander towards the banks of the Danube, where nature wild, yet pastoral, presents a thousand enchanting views, capable of giving inspiration to the poet and meditation to the philosopher. But as soon as the sun has left the horizon it is time to quit the Prater, which becomes then, in a few minutes, overshadowed with troublesome insects; gnats, gadflies, musquitos, fly about in such quantities that the air becomes really darkened with them; they fall in swarms on those who are walking, sting them, and bite in such a manner that they may be said to devour. An intelligent German to whom one was speaking of this inconvenience, said it was Heaven's own police; if it was not for those insects, he added, the young people who walk the Prater would be making love till the dawning of the next day.

“The shopkeepers at Vienna shut up their shops from noon to three o'clock, to dine; they then open them again till ten at night. The greater part have only their shops in town, and dwell in the suburbs, on account of the dearness of lodgings in Vienna. They are very just dealers. A gentleman once wishing to have a trinket repaired, asked for a lapidary, and was directed to a rich jeweller of the name of Wiser. He found him seated at a table whereon was spread a great quantity of diamonds. The gentleman could not forbear expressing his surprise at his receiving strangers with so little caution. He thanked him for his observation, but continued to act in the same

manner; suspecting no one, being just himself.

"The people are laborious but sedentary: there are not the quantity of beggars to be found in Vienna as there are in Paris, on the quays, the boulevards, and other publick walks.

"People of literature and science live very retired, and are not found in different societies, as in France; they are only employed in one

thing, and on that they are incessantly employed: they are indefatigable in their researches, and their works are of an erudite composition that are almost terrifick. The German scholars are like the ancient Benedictines, who grew pale in their studies over books for years, and who only left off reading for the pleasure of composing, or of taking extracts."

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## CRUELTY OF TRAINED WARRIOURS.

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*From the Monthly Magazine.*

**M**ANY commonly received opinions are notoriously erroneous, and none more so than that the truly brave are always merciful: facts and experience prove the very reverse; some of the bravest men that ever lived were most decidedly cruel—Peter the great, Frederick the great, Charles the twelfth, Suwarrow, Potemkin, &c. There seems to be no reason in nature why a man of strong nerves and an undaunted mind should abound in humane feelings, or that those who are deficient in firmness and resolution in the field of battle, should be particularly cruel. An army of women would probably not be so courageous as men, but for that reason they surely never could be suspected of inhumanity. Persons of great sensibility are naturally averse to cruelty, they cannot bear to witness it; there is, perhaps, very little merit in this sort of feeling, over which they have no control; it originates in physical temperament,—they sympathise strongly with their fellow creatures, and gratify themselves in relieving distress, which those of stronger nerves can behold unmoved.

A certain General used to boast of the strength of his nerves by

saying he could breakfast in an hospital, dine in a slaughter-house, and sup on a field of battle. There is something imposing in great personal courage; but it is a virtue compatible with every vice, and what the rudest savages possess in an eminent degree. It is not unusual to hear persons express surprise when any celebrated military character is guilty of any crime or impropriety of conduct, as if personal courage had any connexion with other moral qualities.

It is the same with individuals as with armies, the bravest are often the most cruel; witness the conduct of the Russians at Warsaw, Ismael, &c.; and the French armies, whose splendid military achievements have immortalized their name, have not been exempt from the imputation of cruelty; perhaps\* there is nothing on record equal to the devotedness and courage shewn by a regiment of the imperial guards at the battle of Waterloo, who, rather than be taken, fired on each other, and fell by hundreds in sight of the enemy. Of late years much conse-

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\* Vide Beauchamp's Account of Waterloo.

quence has been attached to the military character; there is something very imposing in the "pomp and circumstance of war;" but it is to be hoped the military mania has had its day, and that the arts of peace will be chiefly cultivated by the rising generation. A. C.

### THE LATE SULTAN SELIM III.\*

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

**T**WO adventurers, belonging to the lower class of people at Constantinople, seeing the favour shewn to the Franks by Selim III. and how easy this Prince was of access, wished to come in also for a share of his liberality. In order to succeed, they laid a plan to produce something novel and original; and that they might render their scheme effectual, these two rogues spread a report that a bear had arrived, which possessed such a musical talent, that every one was delighted to hear him perform on the piano-forte. This story soon spread abroad, and the Sultan ordered the bear to be brought before him: accordingly, at the hour appointed, the musician and his keeper took their route towards the Seraglio. Being introduced into the interior, orders were given for a piece, which was pointed out, to be performed: the grand hall was surrounded by lattices, behind which were the inhabitants of the harem, impatient for the entrance of the Sultan, in order that the spectacle might begin. His Majesty did not keep them long in suspense, and all his attention was fixed on the bear, who danced, gave his paw, scratched, and fondled his master, which insignificant preludes were not thought much of, until he raised himself on his hind legs, placed the fore paws on the piano, and drew from it those harmonious sounds which excited the admiration of the principal spectator, who asked the proprietor what he would take for such a musical animal?

This unexpected proposal made the proprietor change countenance, who, in order not to discover the cheat, refused to come to any terms. "For heaven's sake," said the bear, in a low voice, as he rubbed himself against his companion, "do not leave me here!" and these caresses only rendered the Sultan more anxious to possess this extraordinary animal. At length the conductor thought it time to put an end to this critical scene, by asking a most exorbitant sum for his bear, the Sultan took him at his word, and as he desired the sum to be counted out, his Majesty told an officer to conduct the bear to his menagerie. The Khasnadar counted out the stipulated sum, while the other approached the bear to fulfil the second part of the order.

Until now the animal had evinced nothing but gentleness; but the time was now come when he displayed his talons. Screwed up in an angle of the apartment near the door, the poor creature waited impatiently for its opening: set at liberty, he took flight, followed by his leader, and no one else attempted to stop him, because they fancied that he was gone in pursuit of him. It was, however, soon expected that Selim, justly irritated, would set a price on the heads of these two culprits, but he only laughed heartily at the scheme they had put in practice to extort money from him, and discovered in it so much ingenuity, that he forbade any one to proceed against them, and turned the whole affair into a jest.

\* He died in 1807.

## VARIETIES.

From La Belle Assemblée

THE EARL OF SHAFTSBURY, MINISTER TO CHARLES II.

IF we may judge by the following anecdote, Charles the Second, who is reproached by historians for weakness and indolence, was yet an adept in dissimulation, that requisite vice in kings. Reproaching one day his minister he said, "I really believe, Shaftsbury, that the whole of the three kingdoms cannot produce so great a cheat as yourself."—"Very likely," said Shaftsbury, "if your Majesty speaks only of your *subjects*."

MATTHEW PRIOR.

WHEN this skilful versifier was surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shewn the victories of Louis XIV. painted by Le Brun, he was asked whether the King of England's palace was so ornamented? "The monuments of my master's actions," replied Prior, with great quickness, "are to be seen every where but in his own house."

When he was ambassadour at Paris, being one night at the Opera, in the same box with a nobleman who, a great amateur, sang louder than the performers, Prior burst out into invectives against the actor, and on the nobleman asking him his reason for railing at one of the finest singers in all Europe, Prior said, "That certainly may be, but how can I have patience with a fellow that makes such a noise that I cannot have the pleasure of hearing your Lordship."

When Prior drew near the close of his life he became deaf, or rather fancied he was so. A person once asked him if he had ever found himself deaf when he was in office? "Faith," replied he, "I was then

so much afraid of my head that I had no time to attend to my ears."

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROUR OF RUSSIA AND KING OF PRUSSIA.

IN the course of the year 1802 the Emperour of Russia paid a visit to the King of Prussia, which interview, though it was supposed to relate to affairs of great moment, was merely complimentary, and the time that the sovereign staid, at Memel was devoted to gaiety and amusement. One day the Emperour and King walking together on the quay of Memel, they fell into conversation with the master of an English vessel, and after some time the King said to him, "This is the Emperour of Russia."—The mariner, very much surprised, assumed a more respectful tone; but when Alexander added, "and this is the King of Prussia," he immediately turned on his heel, saying "Oh, your servant, gentlemen, don't you think that you can dupe me in that way. Mr. Emperour and Mr. King, I wish you a very good morning."

From the Monthly Magazine.

FRENCH CURIOSITY.

THE *Badauds* of Paris yield not to the *cockneys* of London in staring, and "making a sight" of every thing. A few days ago the footman of Lady P\*\*\*, who is in deep mourning, made his appearance in the Palais Royal, little supposing that he himself should be, for the moment, the greatest curiosity of the place; the great, vulgar and the small flocked round him, watched every motion, and wondered who he could be: at least he was a colonel—this was evident by his "two epaulettes" (shoulder-knots); but of what nation? his hat and his walk were English; but the French

had never seen an English regiment dressed in black: in fact, John was a *rara avis in Terris*—no one could guess to what army he belonged, and none *dared* put the question to him, for such impertinence might be deemed a gross insult to—perhaps a prince! As great curiosity was excited, and ungratified; the appearance of the illustrious stranger was thus announced in the journals of the next day—“A young man, whom, from his face and his walk, we took for an Englishman, attracted, the day before yesterday, at the Palais Royal, the attention of the multitude by the regularity (singularity) of his costume.—dressed in mourning, from head to foot; he wore *two large epaulettes* of black worsted, which, with the round shape of his hat, formed a burlesque contrast. Otherwise, far from having an air of embarrassment, the young man appeared proud of the curiosity of our idlers, and shewed himself to them very complaisantly.”—*Journal de Paris, Sept. 15.*

[Communicated.]

## THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

(From Madame Maravisa's Letters from England, published at Naples in 1720.)

It is well known that this lady partook more of the masculine than the feminine character. The following anecdote, which I had from a lady who was acquainted with her, will testify to the truth of this assertion: One of her footmen being not quite *strait* (as they call it here,) coming one morning into the room where she was, stumbled at the threshold, and falling against her knocked her down. Jumping immediately up in a great passion, she flew towards him and squaring her arms like a boxer, struck him a blow; which he, knowing her humour, returned. The Duke entering the room during the heat of the engagement, drew his sword in great anger, and would have despatched him, but his noble consort exclaimed, “Let the villain be, I'll master him damme!”

## POETRY.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

## THE MERMAID.

From the German of Goethe.

## I.

THE sea-wave falls—the sea-wave flows;—  
On lonely rock the fisher lies,  
In clear cool stream his hook he throws,  
And views the bait with wistful eyes;  
And as his silent task he plies,  
Behold! the floods apart are flung,—  
And where the circling eddies rise,  
A Mermaid's form hath upward sprung!

## II.

And soft her tones—and sweet her song:—  
“O, Fisher, why my train decoy?  
“With craft of man—still wise in wrong—  
“Why seek to change to death their joy?  
“O! wist thou here what tasks employ—  
“What bliss the tribes of ocean know,—

“No more thy days should care annoy,  
“But peace be sought these waves below!”

## III.

“And seeks not aye the glorious sun,  
“And beauteous moon, our watery rest?  
“And springs not each, its course to run,  
“Wave-wash'd, in tenfold glory drest?  
“And charms not Thee in Ocean's breast  
“This nether heaven of loveliest blue?—  
“Charms not thine own fair form imprest  
“In liquid limning soft and true?”

## IV.

The sea-wave falls—the sea-wave flows—  
At length around his feet is flung;  
He starts—the flame within him glows,  
That erst on love's embraces hung!  
And sweeter yet the sea-maid sung,  
And sought, half-met, the charmed shore;  
Her arms around her victim flung—  
And ne'er was seen that Fisher more!

J. F.